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LONGWOOD COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. XIII

MAY, 1951

NO. 3

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From Across the Desk...

As June 4, 1951 draws nigh, our thoughts naturally turn to Graduation Day. As of old, to both the graduate and the undergraduate, thoughts of that day bring to the heart a happiness that is touched with a queer sort of nostalgic sadness. The undergraduates want the seniors to graduate, but they want them back next fall; and somehow the seniors half-way want to be back.

But one thing certain, none of us undergraduates can attend their Lantern Parade and their Daisy Chain figure without catching anew that intangible something—known here as “the Longwood spirit.”

As undergraduates, year by year, proudly we watch each senior as she steps up to receive her diploma. And as we hear our President say: “By virtue of the authority vested in me by the Virginia State Board of Education, I confer upon you the degree of with all the rights, privileges and responsibilities appertaining thereto,” a strange feeling comes over us, and we wonder what the State really expects of her Longwood graduates. Will she expect more and more of each succeeding class?

The 1951 graduating class will be the first one to graduate in the Jarman Auditorium. Strange, but neither the graduates nor the undergraduates ever knew Dr. Joseph Leonard Jarman for whom the auditorium is named. However, we know (paraphrasing Emerson's famous saying) an institution is the lengthened shadow of its presidents. For forty-four years, as President of Longwood College, Dr. Jarman stood for efficient service to one's fellowman and to the State. Dr. Dabney S. Lancaster, as President of Longwood College today, stands for the same things. The highest tribute we can pay to him and to our college is to carry on as graduates and undergraduates as best we can wherever we are.

As graduates, yours be the torch “to hold it high,” and as undergraduates mayhaps, we can “follow the gleam.”

Good luck and godspeed to each and every member of the Class of 1951!

—N. A. G.

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Associated Collegiate Press

From Darkness Into Light

MARY LEIGH MEREDITH

WITH a shudder the bus paused for a moment at the summit of the hill before beginning its long descent into the dark valley below. The girl in black lit yet another cigarette. The sailor across the aisle sighed in his sleep as his cap slid from his face to the floor.

Gaining speed now, the bus rushed through the darkness, as the tires sang against the pavement. "Jimmy's dead; he's dead; he's dead . . ." The tires picked up the chant within the girl's mind.

Relentlessly her mind plodded through time only to find itself again confronted by that insurmountable barrier: "Jimmy's dead." The chant continued.

Jimmy, who had always laughed at trouble, and who had never admitted a weakness, couldn't be dead! Death was a word that one could not easily associate with him. Only once had she heard him speak of it. Her mind pushed away the years, and she remembered her hurt when her favorite kitten didn't come to her call. Jimmy had patiently tried to explain life and death to a tearful miss. Now Jimmy was dead just like the kitten.

Tears had flowed so freely for the kitten, but they refused to flow for Jimmy. "Crying is a sign of weakness, Judy. Never cry, my darling. Square your shoulders and face it, no matter what." But Jimmy's words, without Jimmy, brought no comfort now. Jimmy, who had had so much, had left her so little!

"Life is gay, little one, only if you expect it to be," he used to say. But how could she ever expect gaiety from a life that didn't include Jimmy. "Have fun, and you'll stay young; age is a state of mind." Jimmy had stayed young; he had died young. But already she felt ageless, as if Jimmy had taken her youth with him.

The bus slowed as it drew up to the

small town. The deserted streets had a forlorn look. The sailor sat up, blinking himself to complete wakefulness as the lights of the bus flickered on. A man and woman stepped out of the darkness to clasp him in their arms as he stepped from the bus. How grandly Jimmy had greeted her that last time in New York! A taxi full of roses waiting to spirit her away to the gayest nightclubs. "No young gallant to beau you about, I'm keeping you all to myself, young lady," he had said. As if she could wish for anyone else except Jimmy.

White orchids on pink chiffon, champagne in glittering crystal, red roses on white velvet, magnificent sopranos at the Metropolitan—that was life with Jimmy. "Just the right wine can make all the difference in the world, my pet. Little things are important." Jimmy always knew all the right little things. Jimmy knew how to live . . . But, "Jimmy's dead; he's dead; he's dead." Even the wind, whipping down the valley picked up the mournful refrain.

"So you want to get married, kitten? Go ahead. If you don't like life in double harness, you can always come back to your old man." Tom didn't like Jimmy's flip-pant remark, but he was so much in love with her that he didn't let it matter. He didn't even remember it. But she had remembered it, and when the tiny apartment in Veteran's Village had threatened to suffocate her, she had rushed back to Jimmy's swank apartment. Tom had not asked her to stay when she announced her decision to him. "Go ahead, Judy. Someday you'll get tired of the glitter and the grandeur, and you'll come back. I'll be waiting."

Maybe Jimmy wouldn't have liked that. She didn't ask him. There wasn't even time to talk to Jimmy about Tom and her life

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Dreams

My moon has a yellow ring around it.
The night is deep,
And the clouds
Are as shadows that roll and churn
On the steep—
Silvery pathways, lit by the moon.
My stars tap gently at the doorway
Of my dreams,
And it sometimes seems
That my dreams
Are stars in my eyes.
To light my way into my heaven.

BARBARA CASKEY

Had I But Known

Like some poor caged bird,
My soul hath strained against
Cursed chains of fate.
Long, bitter years the will
To rise lay dormant.
Suppressed and still among
Ugly ruins of despair.
The leader bitterness that
That filled my soul,
Need ne'er have been,
Had I but known;
My worth is great as any man's,
And neither king nor prince
Has more than I.

NANCY LAWRENCE

Love's Vigil



The cold moisture on the pier
Enfolds me with its iciness,
One lone, stark silhouette facing a
bleak, unfathomed weir.
Its rebellious raging turmoil
within me lingers
Till wars and firing, chaos and
dying cease.
Even though I sit alone and dream
of only you,
No pleas, no tears, no sighs,
no pains
Of my heart, no fears nor
longings true
Can bring you to me once again,
Till wars and firing, chaos and
dying cease.
The ocean blue, wide, cold and calm
Its endlessness between us
keeps
My hungry spirit from the comfort
of your arms.
My heart—Its dreams, its hopes
with every fibre beats,
Till wars and firing, chaos and
dying cease.
My fears and longing oft times
break out and grip anew;
Yet, sure am I that someday you will
come;
Then love will fill our world with
rosy hue,
Our souls once more will meet,
entwine, become as one
When wars and firing, chaos and dying
cease.

MARION THOMPSON

Confessions of a Nicotine Fiend

BETTY COLLIER

LIGHT up boys, and pass the weed— Well, we're smoking ourselves to death, but I can think of worse ways for us nicotine addicts to die. We huddle together in dimly-lit rooms over ash trays from which curl thick bluish-gray vapors. Many of us poor, weak souls try to escape the strangle-hold of the habit—"Haven't had a cig in two days," one of us boasts. But another of us, a ruthless addict, exhales a thin stream of tantalizing smoke in his face. He who has not smoked for two days suddenly pales, trembles violently, and stares with fixed eyes at the nearest pack of cigarettes. The temptation is too strong for him: his vows of abstinence are broken; his self-respect is gone; and once more he sinks into the mire. And where do we have these dens of iniquity—these holes of horror where the innocent and unsuspecting Freshman is lured into taking that first drag? In the habitations along the rue, Third Floor Annex! And how does one gain entrance to these "black holes of Calcutta?" Knock cautiously three times and whisper, "Collier sent me."

I know whereof I speak for I am one of those nicotine fiends. I did not realize the depths to which that first drag could lead me. How well do I remember that first exam week. When I learned to blow smoke rings. The results? Oh, they are too horrible to dwell upon! And yet today, here I sit, greedily tearing open a pack of cigarettes I bought with my last eighteen pennies. Vainly I have sought to free myself, but the cigarette habit is stronger than I. All available material on the evils of tobacco I have read avidly. In one writer's testimonial I saw these words:

"Ever since I quit smoking, I have been healthier, happier. I now have a good appetite, and I have gained twenty-five pounds. Now I don't have that nasty taste

of stale tobacco in my mouth."

But what consolation can I get from that? I am already too "pleasingly plump!" Unquestionably an extra twenty-five pounds would be ruinous to my figure. My appetite is quite good; in fact, it is tremendous. Besides, I like that lingering taste of stale tobacco. Small help in those words of wisdom.

Another article that I read stated: "Statistics prove that heavy smokers seldom live beyond the age of 63."

But another article I read stated: Statistics prove that the average life span is now about 63 years."

And in still another I found this startling fact: "Statistics prove that smokers only live to the age of 63."

Where can we nicotine fiends get help? Science is so confusing! My physician says, "Cut out cigarettes." Then I read in a reputable magazine: "Ninety-nine out of every hundred doctors smoke Camels." Then I turn from my doctor to radio and to television for help, but they are against me. I turn on the radio and hear the suave, oily words of the announcer—"Try Chesterfields. They satisfy."

I turn the dial. Ah, for some good music. But what Music!

"A cigarette that bears those lipstick traces"

"Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette"

"When the lovely flame dies, smoke gets in your eyes"

"Cigarettes is a blot on the whole human race"

But television is a still greater enemy. I settle down to watch those exciting acrobats—oh, how I love them—when suddenly, instead of those wonderful tumblers, a well-dressed gentleman appears on the screen. He takes a cigarette out of a gold

Continued on page 22



Myra did not see the papers on the desk before her. Her hands fluttered softly and then were still.

Austerity's Child

SALLY BRICKMAN

"Even God Can't Forgive a Hanger-back."

MYRA BORDEN had always been alone. But today, as she stepped from the grey stone steps of her house, the bright morning itself took possession of her heart and smiled warmly on her face. Today her mind clicked defiantly shut against this impersonal city that had been her home for thirty years. Day after day for ten years she had walked alone down the same street to the same library to sit behind the same desk. Day after day she had heard the same noises, smelled the same city smells. No one had ever bothered with her, and now, after many years, she was submissively content in her loneliness. Today, there was a friendly disturbance in the very air. All was the same; yet all was different, as she walked down the familiar street.

She thought about the house as she had left it. The cool formal atmosphere of her home had chilled and repulsed her all her life — the grey-green drapes, the stately, solid furniture, the coldly handsome marble mantle. She shivered slightly. The sunbeams that dared to reach through the tall windows failed to give her strength to withstand the oppressiveness of the house.

"No wonder there's never been a party here in this house," she thought. "No wonder this awful hallway has never welcomed anyone but my father and me. Everything has always been so still and dead in here! Each panel of the door says, 'Stay away!' But why does all of this go beyond the door — go with me wherever I go? I've never said, 'Stay away,' to anyone."

But they had stayed away. Only a few curious and friendly souls had ever ventured to visit Myra and brave her father's cold, calculating stare. William Borden was not

a recluse nor a man of mystery. He simply disliked people. And his dislike included his daughter. The arrival of visitors forced from him a formal "How do you do" or "Please come again". Yet he was not lacking in the art of conversation. He knew well how to ask the usual questions of his visitors: What were their pastimes? Their hobbies? Who were their friends? But he met their remarks with a thoughtfully lifted eyebrow or a condescending nod. Myra would squirm painfully as she read her father's glance. He seemed to say: "Poor Myra! Don't you know what these people are really like? You should not have brought these foolish youngsters home. You should have known better."

Willa Borden, his petite, attractive young wife had learned soon after her marriage that her austere husband fully intended to make her life like his, cold and austere. Consequently, she left him—him and his cold grey house and their plain quiet child. Myra sometimes wondered how her mother had found the strength, or the will-power to leave him.

Today, however, Myra did not think much about her mother. The warm sunshine seemed to stir other thoughts. As she walked along engrossed in thought, she observed the stores and the people she passed. As she passed a small neat-looking dress shop, she slowed her steps. "I wonder what Lillian is doing now," she thought. "She was always so strong and gay! But it was Lillian's strength that had antagonized Father into giving vent to one of his rare and biting remarks."

Gay, pretty, confident, laughing Lillian had been the only young friend who persistently stuck by Myra. She had taken

Myra's side. Not even Myra could foresee the consequences of such daring.

It had started on her first day of high school when Lillian had observed her loneliness as she started home, thankful the day was over. The terror of meeting all those people had exhausted Myra. The gay laughter and noise was all behind her now as she went homeward like a small solitary shadow moving over the brilliant autumn leaves. "I'm going your way, so that we can talk". Lillian's voice sang out happily over the crackle of the leaves underfoot.

The days that followed were brighter. At school there was Lillian's laughter, as well as someone to whom she could tell her secrets and her thoughts. The day did not begin at home. For Myra, the sun came out when she met Lillian on the corner in the morning, and the day ended when she left Lillian at the same corner to return to her father and his house.

At night in her own room, a look in her mirror made her realize that her plain face actually had in it more character and happiness than it did before she met Lillian; she had found that it was much better to hold one's shoulders straight and smile away her lonely feelings. From the mirror the almost—pretty face seemed to be trying to tell her something. Was it to hold on to this happiness? She didn't know.

Although the two girls talked about many things, it was impossible to make Lillian understand what her life was like in that house. "Why can't you just up and leave! she would exclaim. "Maybe some day . . ." Myra would murmur. And so in the days that followed, together they thought fleetingly of Myra's "some day."

One night, after a wordless dinner and a wordless good-night, there was nothing left for her to do but to go upstairs. In her room, she thought of the busy day that was almost over, of the things that had been said, of the thoughts she had had. Suddenly, she thought of Lillian's words uttered so often in exasperation, "Why can't you leave!" They sent a shiver through her. "Why don't I leave?" she thought. With trembling and hesitant motions, she dragged a small suitcase from the closet and

began to pack. Suddenly her father's footsteps sounded softly, but distinctly, on the stair. In terror she flew to bed. Later, she unpacked the suitcase, and crying, went back to bed.

When they met at the corner, Lillian was overflowing with talk about the coming Halloween party. "Why not sneak out and meet us, My! We're going to have a terrific time. You've got to get away sometime." There was no answer, and Lillian wisely said no more. To Myra, school seemed routine and dull that day, and she found too much time to think about Lillian's suggestion. Somehow she couldn't hold her attention on algebra problems or on sentence structure. She felt strangely lonely—a feeling she had not had for a long time. On the way home she was quiet and unresponsive to Lillian's conversation. But at the corner, she turned suddenly. "I'll see you at the party tomorrow night! Drop by for me on the way, so we can go together," she added in an oddly commanding tone. Then she turned and fled toward home.

All that night and the next day, Myra inwardly shook with fearful anticipation and regret. Thoughts of her father's cold, thoughtful stare mingled fantastically with thoughts of Lillian's happy face. After a day-long nightmare of classes and waiting, she slipped away and fled home. She was afraid, and she knew it "I've been so rash!" she thought wildly.

At dinner, the food was tasteless and dry. Her hands shook, and she avoided her father's impersonal glance. "I'm positive I can't stand this till nine o'clock," she thought grimly. The sudden and unexpected voice of her father rattled her, and she lost the meaning of his words.

"Myra," he repeated, "after dinner tonight, be so kind as to sort the mail on my desk, please. It won't take long, and there are some bills that must be attended to." He looked at her scrutinizingly. "What's wrong with you?" he asked with austere deliberation.

After a moment, she answered in a small voice, "Nothing is wrong, Father. But how long will it take?" Her thoughts

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MARISELA

OLGA RODRIGUEZ

*Adapted from the very well-known novel
Marinela by Benito Perez Galdos*

THE fertile valley of Rio Grande was located in the western part of the island of Puerto Rico. From the valley one could see the tall greenish-blue mountains that looked as if they were touching the sky. At the top on one hill stood the beautiful house of the Perez family. It was surrounded by colorful flowers—gladioli, roses, gardenias, carnations, and red and pink geraniums. Mr. Perez owned the whole valley of Rio Grande, and there he had many large sugar cane plantations.

Behind the Perez house, in different spots in the valley, were scattered the houses of the peons. Typical of all Puerto Rican peon houses, they were made of rustic palm trees. In these small huts lived the peons and their large families. They were poor, but happy; and they enjoyed the blessings of their tropical climate—the richness of the sunshine, the abundance of the fruits and the bright-colored flowers.

Mr. Perez had a lovely family—his wife, Antonia de Perez, and their only child, Jose, who by a fatal misfortune had been blind from birth. Marisela, an unlettered, kindhearted, peasant girl whose parents had for many years worked for Mr. Perez, lived in the Perez house, also. Just three years before when Marisela was only fifteen years old, both of her parents had died. Since that time she had lived in the Perez house.

Marisela had no physical beauty, but God had given her beauty of soul—a kind heart, and an eagerness to help people. She was Jose's guide—and had been ever since they were children. When they were very little, she would grasp his hand in hers, and they would race around the hacienda. Jose was twenty-two years old now, and Marisela was still his guide and teacher.

Even though she could not teach him about literature and philosophy, she could describe the beauties of nature to him. He learned to differentiate one flower from another, and every day he would pick for Marisela a bouquet of her favorite flowers. He knew how the red geraniums glowed in the morning sun and how the silvery fish glistened when it leaped above the water. She became so much a part of his life that he was not content unless she was around.

And now it was in the late afternoon of a hot summer day in the month of August, 1950. The sun was close to the horizon, and the orange color in the sky shone upon the tired, sweaty faces of the hard-working peons.

"Good afternoon," said the stranger addressing one of them.

"Good afternoon, Sir. What can I do for you?"

"I am looking for the Perez family," said the stranger. "I am Emilio Perez, Mr. Perez's brother. I have been looking for his house the whole afternoon. Will you be so kind as to show me the way?"

At that very moment the figure of an innocent-looking girl emerged from behind the tall cane. She was poorly dressed and barefooted, but her clothes were very clean.

"Hello, Marisela! You have come at the moment when I need you most. This gentleman is Mr. Perez's brother. Will you please take him to the house?"

Marisela very slowly raised her head and looked at Mr. Perez with her small penetrating eyes. She smiled and started walking in the direction of the house. Mr. Perez followed her. He tried in vain to carry on a conversation with her. She was very shy, and she seemed afraid to talk.

The next morning after breakfast Mari-

sela and Jose took their usual morning walk. The morning was perfect. The sun was not very hot, and there was a refreshing breeze; the birds sang in the trees, and the mountains in the distance reflected the turquoise blue of the Puerto Rican sky. Marisela and Jose sat down on a rock near the bank of the little stream that wound its way leisurely through that part of the valley.

"Marisela," said Jose. "you are beautiful! I know you are! I can see you with the eyes of my soul. You are, aren't you, Marisela? Why don't you answer? Are you sad?"

"I am not sad, Jose. I am admiring the beauty of our surroundings. Everything around us is lovely and colorful."

"Yes," answered Jose, "as lovely as you are. Let me touch your face, Marisela. You are beautiful! Yes, I know what beautiful means. You have defined it for me. You have told me that my cousin, Flor, is beautiful, but I know you are more beautiful than she is."

As Jose talked on, Marisela stood up. The look on her face was sad. She knew she was not pretty, but Jose believed she was the most beautiful thing on earth. She would let him believe that she was, for it made both of them happier.

That night at dinner, the conversation centered on Jose. Emilio, Mr. Perez's brother, told of a very prominent doctor in the United States, whom he had met and talked to about Jose's case. The doctor had suggested that Jose be brought to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore for examination. Promptly arrangements for the trip were made. Never in their lives had the Perez family felt as happy and as hopeful as they felt that night. Jose was afraid, but he wanted to recover his sight. He wanted to see with his own eyes the beauties that Marisela had pointed out to him. But most of all he wanted to see Marisela.

All this time Marisela was sitting in a far corner of the room. Not once did she speak, but not a word did she miss hearing. When no one was looking, she slipped out and went to her room. She did not say her usual goodnight to Jose. She was heart-

broken.

"If I only knew what to do! I want him to recover his sight," she kept saying to herself. "But when he comes back, how can I keep him from seeing me? I'd rather die than let him see my face. He couldn't stand the disappointment!"

That night Marisela could not sleep; she was too sad. Jose could not sleep either; he was too happy.

The next morning no birds sang, and the sky was dark with clouds. It was as if they too felt the sadness that Marisela felt in her soul. Anguish overwhelmed her. Usually she sang while waiting for Jose, but that morning Jose listened in vain for her sweet voice. In his eagerness to tell her the great news, he forgot to ask why she had not said goodnight; he even forgot to ask why she had not sung as usual. They walked a little way in silence; then Jose told her everything his parents and uncle had planned the night before. Before he had finished, Marisela burst into tears.

"Are you crying because of happiness, Marisela?" asked Jose.

"Yes," answered Marisela after a long while. "Yes, Jose, I am crying because of happiness."

"Do not cry, Marisela. Very soon, with the help of God, I will recover my sight, and I will be able to see you—you who are my everything."

Marisela was glad that he could not see the anguish in her face.

"Jose," she murmured, "I am very happy for you. I want you to recover your sight, so that you can see the beauties of this lovely valley. You love beauty as much as I do, Jose."

"To see you, Marisela, is all I want. To me you are beauty itself," Jose answered.

Two weeks later Jose was taken to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland. Because it was time for the sugarcane harvest, Mr. Perez could not accompany his son, but Don Emilio, his brother, promised to take care of everything.

Every two days the Perez family received news from the States. Emilio

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A SPRIG OF HOLLY

BILLIE JANE BARBER

JAMES EVANS, owner of "Broadview," had made it one of the most fertile farms on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. He was a stern man with an eye for business; his social position, he had inherited, for he sprang from one of the oldest and finest families on the Shore. After his wife's death, his love for Ruth, his only child, intensified until it became a possessive sort of love.

His dependence upon her made Ruth brush off the offers of many personable young men. In spite of all that, she loved life. She was the embodiment of youth and vivacity the day she rode her sorrel up the driveway to "Gray Manor" to talk with Mary Lou about a coming dance. Mary Lou, brimming with excitement greeted her pal at the door with vague flutterings and incoherent phrases. A young sea captain was there to see her father, and she was just dying for Ruth to meet him. He was handsome and charming enough to be the answer to any young girl's prayer. From Mary Lou's description, Ruth expected to see a neatly uniformed, handsome gentleman. Instead she saw a rough, ordinary-looking seaman, who, to be frank, smelled quite loud of fish. She was thoroughly indignant when she found that Mary Lou had really invited him to the dance. Well, she thought, wrinkling her nose, no girl is going to get close enough to him to dance with him.

At last the night of the dance arrived. From all over the county, the young ladies and young gentlemen arrived. After turning down several offers, Ruth decided to allow two young men—not one mind you—to escort her to the dance. Once upon the dance floor, Ruth was so busy greeting her friends that she didn't see the young man

standing at the end of the room. He was the same one to whom Mary Lou had introduced her the day before. But what a change! He was by far the best dressed and the handsomest man in the room. He came up and started dancing with her before she could even protest. His dancing was superb, and his conversation was even better. Needless to say, when Charles—that was all of his name that she could remember from Mary Lou's introduction—led her out on the porch, she was an eager follower.

For a little while they talked about inconsequential nothings. Then suddenly he kissed her hand very gently! But that kiss stirred in her a depth of feeling that she had never known before. A long moment passed. And then without a word, he left her standing there. When he returned, he had her hat and coat. It was time to go home; the dance was over. Silently he took her arm, and they got into a hired carriage. They talked little on the way home. But before he left here, Charles made her promise to meet him the next day. She agreed and named as the meeting place, a large holly tree near her dock. There they could meet and not be seen, she thought. That night Ruth slept little. Charles had thrilled her as no one else ever had. And somehow she knew that he would be steadfast and true.

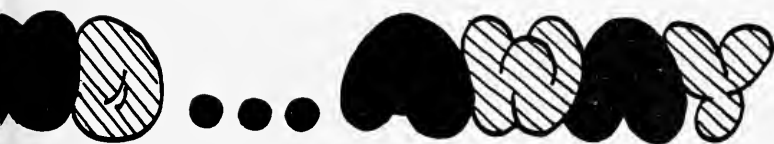
The next day as she rode to the meeting place, Ruth saw Charles busily carving on the trunk of the old holly tree. She smiled when she saw that he had carved their initials. His love for her, she thought, was like the initials—there to stay. That day she realized that she would rather be his wife and live on a smelly fishing boat than to marry any other man regardless of his

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Out, off, and away! That's what June and the end of school brings to all of us Longwood lassies. The year has passed by

like a spring thunderstorm. But eagerful memory lingers like the fragrance of early flowers. So let's grab a corner



by Joan Prichett



it, pack up the old machine and
another fun-packed summer vaca-
ough good-bye may be sad, remem-

ber there's new grounds to be discovered
and new excitement to be had for three
glorious months. So long for awhile. "Have
a great one!"

Where can we find better accounts of experiences in World War II than from the G. I.'s themselves? This essay gives a true account of the experiences of Edward V. Parks, in World War II. Ed served in the Army from December 17, 1941 to December 31, 1945. He arrived in England on February 14, 1943, and was in the 3rd Army under the command of General Patton from D-Day until the close of the war. His battle experiences include: Ardennes-Bulge, Northern France, Central Europe, Rhineland, and D-Day.

AS I REMEMBER IT

EDWARD PARKS

THE red glow from the hidden sun painted the moist laden clouds that roofed the English Channel. Vapor trails from unknown planes marked the sky in straight, long, ribbon-like lines. The sea was slow, calm and dark. The haze that marked the beginning of the new day blotted from view the path toward our destination. Now and then a seagull swooped low and was lost in the haze. The ship kept rhythm with the undertow while flickering lights signaled a silent message to some other ship. Each flicker of the signal light illuminated the faces of the G. I.'s on deck. Immediately after a certain flicker, Captain Tucker gave the command for us to unload.

The distance from the ship to the Normandy beach of France was about three miles. In a short time, the soldiers had landed and aligned themselves in three rows parallel with the sides of the L. C. I. Silent, the men continued to search the sky for a relief signal that would save them from the nightmare confronting them. Some gazed fondly on the pictures in their wallets; some read the last letters they had received from home; some read their Bibles; some religious texts; and still others sent up silent prayers for relief from the ferocious fear that was depleting them.

Captain Tucker peeped through the peep hole in the bow of the boat, so that he might inform us of our nearness to the coast. Without saying a word, he wiped the sweat from his brow and knelt as if in

prayer. Thirty minutes passed. "Surely we must be getting close to the beach." I thought. Suddenly the captain stood straight and tall and lifted his face upwards as if again in prayer. Then he faced us and gave each of us a quick review. Then he spoke:

"Men," he said, "we are about to face something that is new in our experience. We have trained together, worked together, and lived together. We are together in the same boat now. You know as much about what to expect when we hit the beach as I do. For God's sake keep your heads and do as you have been trained to do. God bless you, and good luck!"

He went again to the peephole and looked out; then he sat down on the floor of the ship. I shall never forget the look on his face!

Bombers roared overhead, and explosions after explosion in the distance sent forth a terrifying thunder. Navy ships began firing at the beach. Our L. C. I. lost its rocking-chair motion. This told us that we were in shallow water. The captain stood again and peeped through the peephole. Suddenly he turned and in a stern voice shouted: "Fix Bayonets! Load rifles! Safeties on!"

By this time the Navy boats had increased their shelling. Finally after a murderous barrage had swept the coast, the firing ceased, and we could hear only the motor of our own boat. I wondered if we would ever get out of this "coffin." If we could just see where we were going!

Suddenly from the direction in which we were going, we heard a rumbling noise—then another and another. Soon they came so fast they blended into one great roar. They sky was filled with squealing shells and flying shrapnel that flew in all directions. The sailor in charge of our boat slowed the motor. As he did so, the enemy began firing both machine guns and small arms. The bullets ricocheted from the steel sides of our boat. I have heard a woodpecker pecking on a pole with about the same rapidity as the bullets that glanced from the sides of our boat. "If only we could fire back," we thought. But we couldn't. By this time the firing of the guns sounded as if thousands of woodpeckers were busy pecking out holes. But they were not woodpeckers, I assure you.

Finally our boat stopped with a sudden jerk. The ramp fell, and Captain Tucker gave orders for us to move out. Soon GI's dotted the beach—some running; some crawling; some falling never to run again. Bullets cracked and whistled as they passed over our heads, and sand blown up by exploding shells filled our eyes. Smoke from burning buildings and exploding shells floated aloft and obliterated from view the forest between us and Caen which was our objective. I stopped behind a boulder for rest. Panting, scared, and bewildered, I heard a moaning cry. I looked, and there in the foreground was one of my buddies. I finally succeeded in getting him behind the boulder.

"I can't make it, Ed. My wallet is in my pocket. Take it and send it to my wife, and tell her to be sure that Billy don't..."

"Stop! Ray, stop it!" I shouted, raising his head with my hands. "You'll be all right."

His eyes opened; his teeth chattered; his head fell. Dead! Could he really be dead! I questioned.

"Ray! Ray! Wake up, Ray!"

His words about the wallet were the first I had heard, except the Captain's since I left the ship. I pulled the wallet from his pocket and pushed it inside my shirt, and then I took one of his dog tags from his chain and rubbed it on his sleeve to remove

the blood.

Upon reaching the ridge that shielded the town of Caen from view, I found Captain Tucker. I went up to him; he was looking through his field glasses for enemy snipers. I gave him the dog tag that I had taken from Ray's neck.

"Twelve," he said in a low empty voice. "Twelve damn good men. Thanks. We are to take Caen tomorrow morning. Get your men. We'll get a patrol ready for tonight. We jump off at 0310. It is now 1730. You have only a few hours to get ready."

"Yes, Sir," I said turning in the direction in which the men lay peering through a hedge row.

The patrol left at 0310 but soon returned without success. The battle raged all night and all next day. Finally after Caen exchanged hands several times, it fell to the 3rd Army for keeps. "Our first town," said Lt. Vickers, "but we have many more to go. We have learned a lot of things since we hit the beach. Yes, a hell of a lot."

From Caen to Aunanches, from Le Mons to Fontainebleau, from Reims to Metz we fought. Metz was the next target. Metz as an objective was important enough to require the intimate attention of America's finest troops. And the 90th Division, only a few months ago unknown and untried, read with pride a captured document that gave the enemy's estimate of the Division:

The enemy, the 90th Division, the 3rd Army Division under command of General Patton, no longer considers combat a sport, but fights fanatically to hold his territorial gains. The morale of his troops is good, and he attacks vigorously even in the face of losses. In the wooded areas the enemy is extremely suspicious and cautious...; in the woods he is cunning and knows well how to move about. In fortress fighting, also, he has proved his worth and has quickly adjusted himself to the new situation. American artillery is very accurate. The tanks are excellently camouflaged. The enemy has communications up to the very front lines."

After several days of hard fighting, Metz fell. But we paid in lives and blood more than the objective was worth, even though Metz was the key city that lay before the Siegfried Line—a fortress in itself.

Then came the Bulge, a battle that will go down in the history of warfare. In this battle, we fought against another enemy almost as ferocious as the Germans—zero temperature, blinding snow and biting wind the ferocity of which only those in the battle of the Bulge can ever understand.

Taking advantage of the fact that our forces were grounded because of the storm, the Germans made their last attempt to split the allied forces by racing to the sea and taking Antwerp. The enemy broke through our defenses with ease and raced almost to Brussels. It looked as if we were going to lose all of our guns as well as a lot more men and equipment. The on-rushing enemy overran towns as fast as we could withdraw from them. They seized our supply dumps—food, clothing, gasoline, vehicles, and planes. But the tide turned on the outskirts of Leige, Belgium. Three American divisions arrived to reimburse our manpower shortage. And the American Air Force began the continuous strafing and bombing of the enemy's convoys, troop concentrations, as well as their line of communications. Before the enemy could withdraw its forces, they were cut off and destroyed.

The drive to Madgeburg was eased by the reinforcements we had received in the Bulge. For the first time, we were ready to roll toward Berlin. Critiques were held in order to plan for the capture of the city, only to be smothered out by a special order from S H A F headquarters, ordering us to remain at Madgeburg for further orders.

"Sounds foolish to me," said Lt. Vickers. "For the first time we are properly equipped to fight! And here we are!" A rumor started among the troops that we were to sit tight and let the Russians take Berlin. But a second special order ordered us to contact the Russians in central Germany. And so we began to move eastward.

The company stopped briefly for a break somewhere in central Germany. During the break, several of us went to fill our canteens from the water truck that was brought up in advance. As we approached the tank, we saw a German soldier lying on the ground. He looked as if he were dead. We got our water; and on the way back to the company, we met Charles. "Where are you going, Charles?" I asked.

"To get some H₂O," he replied. We reached the company area and waited for "Seems funny that Charles hasn't returned yet. Go see where he is," said Lt. Vickers.

Upon arriving at the tank, we found Charles lying on the ground, face down, with a knife in his back. We called a medic, but Charles was dead. The German soldier was nowhere to be found.

We met the Russians west of Dresden. They welcomed us with open arms and shiny bottles of Vodka (lighter fluid). We gave them candy and cigarettes. They marveled at our equipment: watches, rings, cigarettes, candy, and money. "Chewing gum is bad candy," they told us. "We chew it, but it doesn't break up." We tried to tell them what it was, and how we chewed it. But it didn't work; they still chewed a pack at a time and swallowed it.

After Dresden, all organized German resistance ended. Yes, the war was over. The nightmare had ended. The free peoples of the earth believed that they had fought a winning war against future wars and tyranny. But they did not foresee that behind an Iron Curtain lurked an ideology that would spread fear and hatred throughout the world.

The Beach

The sun comes up on the glossy sea.
The smell of the salt air makes me think
Of millions of people just like me
Who come to the beach to get away
From the buzz of the city and other
things
Which make the world what it is today.

NANCY ADKINS

A Sprig of Holly

Continued from page 11

wealth and social position. Charles would love her, even though her face became weather-roughened by the sea breezes, and her hair stiffened by the salty ocean sprays.

"Ruth," he said, holding her hand in both of his, "I must sail tomorrow. If you really love me, be here at seven p. m. Be on time! I *must* sail before the low tide. We will be married on the boat.

Ruth agreed without hesitation, and threw her arms around his neck. He kissed her tenderly and held her very close for a moment. Then he left and rowed out to the waiting ship.

Ruth dreaded what she must do—tell her father of her decision. She put it off as long as possible. But just before six o'clock she went in to tell him. She knew it would break his heart for her to leave him, but she was totally unprepared for what did happen! He laughed and said scornfully: "What! You are going to marry a fisherman and live his rough life, are you? How romantic!"

When Ruth finally convinced him that she was serious, he looked her straight in the face, and with clenched teeth said: "I've spent years building up "Broadview" for you. No lazy seaman is going to inherit it! You'll not leave this house until you get that foolish idea out of your head!"

He had never spoken to her like this before, and now she was too shocked and too proud to answer him. Her silence stunned him somewhat, and he tried to reason with her. But finally he shrugged his shoulders, and said it was all just a "girlish whim," and started reading his farm journal. Suddenly the door chimes rang, and the butler announced Mary Lou. Ruth rushed to her and begged her to explain about Charles. Mary Lou was surprised, but she caught on quickly and went over to Mr. Evans. In a voice which he could not ignore, she said, "Mr. Evans, Charles isn't an ordinary fisherman; his father went to school with my father, and his family is one of the oldest and finest on the other side of the

Bay. They own the largest fishing fleet over there. Charles was just here to . . ." Ruth didn't wait to hear the rest. As she ran through the hall, she heard the clock striking. It was seven o'clock.

As quickly as possible, she mounted her sorrel, and rode down the dangerously dark road as if life itself were at stake. Just as she reached the dock, she saw Charles' ship sailing away in the distance. It was a beautiful ship, and the moon was shining on the sails. Ruth felt only a deep piercing pain. And as the ship sailed away, her heart went with it.

Ruth was certain that Charles would return for her eventually. But he never did. Perhaps he and his fishing boat were lost at sea! Ruth always thought so. As time went on, Ruth forgave her father, and they lived together happily at "Broadview." But she never married. From that time on, she gave what was left of her love to the land.

Sixty years have passed since Charles sailed away, but Ruth still loves to talk about him; it gives her strength to go on. "That Ruth, Catherine, is I."

Sixteen year-old Catherine tiptoed out of the room leaving the old lady dozing peacefully in her chair. In a short time, Catherine was on her sorrel and headed down the road to the dock. Near the dock, just as the old lady had said, was the holly tree, dark and green and beautiful. Its gray trunk was circled round with scarlet Virginia creeper. On the trunk, Catherine found the initials: "R. E. and C. A." and date, "1891".

For a long time she stood, forgetful of all but love and romance. Suddenly the call of a whippoorwill aroused her, and she looked at her watch. It was seven o'clock—time for supper. But something still held her, and she looked once more toward the dock. She saw—or fancied she saw—a ship with white sails anchored near the dock, and she heard—or fancied she heard—in the distance a faint hoof beat. But in a second the boat was gone, and the only sound was the whippoorwill calling to its mate. With an effort she shook herself back to reality, mounted her sorrel and galloped back to "Broadview," still fascinated with



Have You Read These?

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING

CHRISTOPHER FRY, *Oxford University Press—
New York—London*
Reviewed by Joanne Steck

CHRISTOPHER FRY has written a play which even in this time and age is rather unconventional. *The Lady's Not For Burning* is a three-act play laid in the Middle Ages and written in a verse that is ripe with imagery. The first half of the story centers around Jennet, an intriguing, unconventional girl of fifteenth-century England. She is accused of turning a ragman into a French poodle, and for this, she is condemned to be burned as a witch. The other half of the play centers around a discharged soldier who wanders into the little English town and finds it conducting a witch hunt. The young man, Thomas Mendip, swears that he himself is the Devil, and that he has murdered the ragman. As a punishment for his crime, he demands of the city officials that he be hanged.

His motive is not merely to protect the girl, but to provide for himself an escape from life. Sickened of a world in which hypocrisy and injustice govern human behavior, he is ready to make his exit. His motto is the same as that of a convict who had confessed falsely to a murder. This motto, which is in the foreword of the book, reads thus: "In the past I wanted to be hung. It was worth while being hung to

thoughts of love and adventure.

Standing at the gateway to meet her on her return was Old Bill. "Miss Catherine," he said excitedly, "Dey done foun' Miss Ruth up in her room. Dey thought dat she was jes a-sleeping, but she done pass away. Dey say, do, dat dere's de nices' smile on her face, and dat she's a-holding in 'er han' a lil' Bible wid a sprig o' holly in it."

be a hero, seeing that life was not really worth living."

The girl, Jennet, in her last hours attempts to win him back to a love of life. She gets stiff competition from the hypocrites who have put them both in prison. But in her inspired and beautiful pleading, her arguments for life match the young man's arguments against it. She wins, and Thomas falls in love with her. His love for her puts a new tone in his heart, and he begins to see hope for mankind and a reason for being. Thereafter to him life is a thing too precious to cast off.

At last the ragman who started all the fuss turns up unexpectedly; he is neither a corpse, nor a French poodle; he is just drunk.

The Lady's Not For Burning is a breathless play. And in comparison with the plays which have come out in the past several years, it is soothing and interestingly different.

For those who are poetry-starved, it is good to quote Mr. Fry when he says: "Poetry is the language in which man explores his own amazement." Be that as it may, Christopher Fry has written in verse an extremely interesting play.

JOANNE STECK

BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL 1762-63

(370 pp) *McCraw-Hill* (\$5)
Reviewed by Barbara White

BOSWELL'S *London Journal* is the first of the entire forty-five volumes that Yale scholars are now editing. In the 1920's, when the first of the Boswell papers were discovered in an old building that was being demolished, scholars all agreed that they were the literary find of the century. The last batch of papers was discovered just last year. Fortunately, Lieutenant-

Colonel Ralph Irslam purchased them and sold them to Yale University where they are at the present time.

Heretofore James Boswell has been thought of as a rather funny little man who tagged after Dr. Samuel Johnson in order that he might record the great doctor's witticisms and hand them down to posterity. Perhaps some people, even after reading Volume One of *Boswell's London Journal*, will still believe that Boswell is not a great man; at times they may think him a fool.

As a boy, Boswell decided that he wanted his life to be a soft one. To accomplish this, he put forth every effort to get into the King's Guards. At the end of nine months' scheming, he had failed to do this. But he had succeeded in making the friendship of England's foremost man of letters, Dr. Samuel Johnson! Boswell took care to appear as a gentleman of fashion and to be seen in the most fashionable places. Bit by bit, he pushed himself until he became intimate with some of the notables of the day. Among them were David Garrick, the famous actor, and Oliver Goldsmith, the distinguished writer.

Boswell had several personal drawbacks—characteristics which tended to discredit him in the eyes of the public: at intervals he was subject to dark moods of despair, and at all times he was intensely afraid of ghosts and of the dark. And sad to say, he was not always morally upright.

By the time the reader has finished the first volume, he is aware of the fact that Boswell is giving Dr. Johnson a dog-like worship which continued as long as Johnson lived. This admiration must have been mutual, for after they had been acquainted for only a short time, Johnson informed Boswell that he did not know even one man he could rate above him.

Boswell's London Journal is a "must" for all who want to keep abreast of the times. None of us can afford to miss this great literary find.

"Where do jelly fish get their jelly?"
 "From ocean currents, I guess."

OUT OF THIS WORLD

LOWELL THOMAS, JR.; *Greystone Prehs*

Reviewed by Jean Jinnett

FOR years Tibet, the forbidden land beyond the towering Himalayas in Central Asia, has remained unpenetrated by travelers from the West. Reading *Out of This World* should be a singular pleasure for anyone who is interested in learning of life in a land which has heretofore been thought of as a primitive but majestic country of another world, almost.

In *Out of This World*, Lowell Thomas, Jr., tells in an easy informal manner the story of the trip he and his father made to the throne of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa, Tibet's sacred capital city. Through his vivid descriptions of their fine architecture, exquisite paintings, religious statuary, dance, and music, he makes us realize the cultural aspect of the country.

Lowell Thomas, Jr. has definitely been successful in his effort to describe in an interesting and informative manner the Tibetan countryside as well as the Tibetan way of life. Often he supplements his descriptions with vivid illustrations and photographs.

It is indeed heart-warming, even conscience-provoking at times, to read of a simple people who, though they live without what we consider the necessities—hospitals, trains, newspapers, running water, sewerage, and heating systems—are blessed with a happiness that would be utterly complete if they were not fearful that their country, too, will be drawn into war.

JEAN JINETT

Austerity's Child

Continued from page 8

whirled in confusion. "If I could just get out of the house and intercept Lillian. I can't go to the party, now."

The striking of the hall clock sounded softly, firmly in the study. Myra did not see the papers on the desk before her. Her hands fluttered softly and then were still. She did not bother to look up as her father entered the study.

"Well, Myra, you may go to your room, if you like. There's nothing more to be done tonight. We're not having any visitors, are we?" His smile was ironic. His words, like the stiff, formal atmosphere of the study, pierced Myra's thought. "This afternoon, I paid a call on Mrs. Parry and her daughter Lillian, and between us, we decided that Halloween parties are not really very important affairs."

She stared at him.

"Any friend, who would attempt to persuade you to run away from home surely cannot be trustworthy, Myra. I've known for sometime that you were foolishly spending valuable time after school with Lillian Parry. And when I heard you packing the other night, I determined that you must end this friendship with Lillian. This afternoon, I demanded to know what you and Lillian Parry have been planning. Now we have everything straightened out. Where are you going, Myra?"

Myra stopped in the doorway, a tired shadow of a person, her shoulders drooping under a mysterious weight. She didn't answer.

"You have extremely poor taste in your choice of friends, Myra," he continued, "I would appreciate your bringing them here, so that I may see them. What disgusted me most about Miss Parry was her ingratiating laugh."

The next morning, It was almost painful for Myra to wait until Lillian had passed their corner. But she had to wait. She couldn't face her after such humiliation. The entire day was tiresome routine; her studies bored her and the laughter of her classmates grated in her ears. As she hurried away from school that afternoon, the heaviness of her heart bent forward her shoulders.

Eventually Myra finished high school and secured a quiet job at the city library where she worked for ten years. She did not make any friends; she didn't care to. Her father finally died, but she remained in the house alone, keeping it the way it had always been—too helpless to change either the furnishings or the atmosphere. Her suitcase remained in the closet. She

was still too tired.

Today, as she walked to the library in the friendly sunshine, she wondered if Lillian knew that her father was dead and she wondered if Lillian would help her pack her suitcase now.

Marisela

Continued from page 10

wrote: "Jose is very optimistic about the operation. But I talked to the doctor, and he gave me hope—only hope. About a 50-50 chance."

Time passed. Finally one day a cable arrived from Baltimore: "Jose will be operated on tomorrow. Will let you know results as soon as find out." The cable was from Emilio.

That night all the peons and their families gathered in the Perez home to pray to God for the success of the operation. Marisela was not in the group, but nobody noticed it. To them she was just an orphan servant, Jose's guide. But she, too, was praying; she was in her room praying for Jose. Even though her body was being consumed by fever and anxiety, her thoughts were miles away with the blind who had thought her beautiful.

"Operation a success," Emilio cabled. "Doctor requires that Jose stay till December."

Mr. and Mrs. Perez did not know how to thank God enough for the miracle. They were the happiest parents in the world. Dona Antonia, knowing that Marisela would be glad to hear the good news about Jose, went to tell her. Marisela saw her the moment she entered the room.

"My son is well, Marisela!" she said. "He can see! It is like being born again!"

Marisela did not hear anything else. She closed her eyes, tightened her teeth, and clutched tightly, very tightly, the image of the Virgin Mary, which she had been holding in her rough hands. Tears welled in her eyes, and then she softly fell asleep. Dona Antonia did not notice this. She had left the room as soon as she had given Marisela the good news about Jose.

Several members of the Perez family came to greet Jose the day he came back.

MARISELA

Among them was Flor, Don Emilio's daughter, a beautiful young girl of eighteen. Her long black hair formed a marked contrast with her ivory complexion and her lovely green eyes. That day she was wearing a white muslin dress and a crown of white lilies. She looked like a picture of the Holy Mother Mary.

It was five o'clock when the driver parked the Perez car in front of the house. Only Flor was in the garden at that moment. As soon as the car stopped, a robust young man jumped out. It was Jose. At once he saw Marisela—he thought—and ran toward her. "Marisela! Marisela!" he cried.

Flor stood speechless. Meanwhile, the rest of the family heard Jose's voice and ran to the balcony. Jose was crying, crying with happiness. "Marisela," he called, "why don't you speak to me? Can't you recognize me? Aren't you glad to see me back?"

Flor did not move. Mrs. Perez ran and embraced her son. The rest of the family stayed in the balcony, watching that terrible scene.

"My son," said Mrs. Perez, "that is not Marisela. That is Flor, your cousin. Marisela died the same day you were born."

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THE FARMVILLE HERALD
NORTH STREET — FARMVILLE, VA.

Confessions of Nicotine Fiend

Continued from page 5

case, lights it, and inhales deeply. An expression of peace and contentment comes over his face. Nothing could be more agonizing to the nicotine fiend!

And so, I have studied, read, and fought the tobacco habit. But the great blow that shattered all remaining vestiges of my will power came when my professor of Bible innocently quoted:

"And Rebecca lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel."

I give up. Say, DeQuincy, old boy, could I bum a cigarette?

From Darkness Into Light

Continued from page 3

with him in a small college town. Jimmy had been glad to see her. He asked for no explanations; she gave none.

Somewhere a rooster crowed, heralding the approaching dawn. In the east the sky began to brighten. The bus resolutely roll-

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ed toward the west, as if afraid the day would overtake it.

Judy glanced at her watch—two more hours and her journey would be ended. Two more hours and maybe this haunting, torturing chant would forsake her. "Jimmy's dead; he's dead; he's dead . . .".

"Never travel alone, Judy. It's so boring." Alone? No, she wasn't alone. Would it be this way always? Jimmy dead, and yet a faint essence of Jimmy forever haunting her. "Can't you see, Judy? Although he is your father, I don't see how you can overlook the fact that he is selfish, vain, and shallow! Of course, he hates to be alone; he can't stand his own company," Tom had once cried out in sudden fury. Her loyalty to Jimmy had sprung to battle for him then, even as it did now. But now a small, nagging doubt crept into her mind.

She knew that even if Jimmy were alive, she would be making this trip. The incessant party-goers, the gay night-clubbers, the pseudo celebrities, the near great who inhabited Jimmy's apartment at all hours had excessively bored her on long exposure. And as to Jimmy, more and more frequently she had found herself thinking that he drank too much, was too gay, too unconcerned with reality.

"Jimmy's dead," a mournful bird chirped the refrain. It was like a slap in the face. Shamefully, she realized her disloyalty.

Brief as it was, that moment had served to weaken the ties to Jimmy, and to alleviate slightly the pain in her heart. This was the beginning; someday it would be gone, leaving only a faint regret in its place. She realized none of this now. But Tom would. Discerningly, Tom would see what she had gone through in New York and on this trip. He would unquestionably open his arms to her, and as she sought refuge close to his heart, he would ask no questions. And then they would face the future together, not with a laugh, as Jimmy had done, but with wisdom.



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"Darling, as I kissed you then, love was born."

"That's fine, dear, but wipe that birthmark off your lips."

—¶¶—

"Ha, ha, that a yolk on me," said the Swedish lady as she dropped an egg on the front of her dress.

—¶¶—

And then there was the shoemaker's daughter who gave the boys her awl.

—¶¶—

"Why the toothbrush in your coat lapel?"
"It's my class pin—I go to Colgate."

—¶¶—

"Does your son burn the midnight oil?"
"Yes, and a lot of gasoline with it."

—¶¶—

Lass: "You remind me of the ocean."
Lad: "Wild, romantic, and restless?"
Lass: "No, you just make me sick!"

—¶¶—

Parson—"Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?"
Boy—"Yep; up the alley."

—¶¶—

Teacher: "Did your father help you with this problem?"
Willie: "No, I got it wrong myself."

—¶¶—

Girl: "At last you're out of debt."
Friend: "Thank goodness. Now I can get credit."

—¶¶—

"Shay, pardon me, offisher, but where am I?"

"You're on the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street."

"Cut out the details. What town am I in?"

Husband—(during a quarrel)—"You talk like an idiot."

Wife—"I've got to talk so you can understand me."

—¶¶—

"Stop, look, listen! Those three words illustrate the whole scheme of life", he said.

"How?"

"You see a pretty girl; you stop; you look; after you marry her, and for the rest of your life, you listen."

—¶¶—

First Drunk—"Say, know what time it is?"

Second Drunk—"Yeah."

First Drunk—"Thanks."

—¶¶—

"Shay, Offisher, wheresh th' corner?"

"Youre standing on it."

"'Sno wonder I couldn't find it!"

Jean

A young girl sat beneath the light
Her hair a shining golden bright,
Her smiling lips drawn up in fun.
Her blue-green eyes upon the pun
She read from the book in her lap.
Slowly she laughed and turned to me,
Her youth and beauty radiantly
Flooding the room with a brilliant blaze—
Flooding my heart with lover for days
When I would be far away.
In my memory I see her there,
I know the blaze is gone from her hair,
I know that the fire has died in her eyes,
But she is my beauty, my joy, my prize
Lovelier than e'er before.

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Number 8...THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE



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pitch!”

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